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T H E

# ENGLISH ORATOR.

BOOKS THE SECOND AND THIRD.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE,

TRANSLATOR OF THEOCRITUS, &c.

L O N D O N :

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# ENGLISH ORATOR

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author hath intimated on a former Occasion, that Notes on the whole of his ENGLISH ORATOR are to be attached to the fourth Book—which will soon be prepared for the Prefs.

But there is a Passage in the second Book, which may possibly require immediate Illustration. In Page 7th, Verse 10th, PERSUASION is represented as a Deity, with her living Altar and her Sacrifices. This may appear, at first Sight, too daring a Personification. And why *living Altar*? ‘Are we to look (it might be asked) to the “*Cespiti vivo*” of Horace? Or, is it an Altar fed with perpetual Fire?’ Yet the following Lines from the Antigone of Euripides (which suggested the above Ideas to the Author) may have already occurred to the learned Reader:

“Οὐκ ἐστὶ Πειθεὺς ἱερόν αἴλλο, πλὴν λόγος,  
Καὶ βωμός αὐτῆς ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπων φύσις.”

“*Persuasion* hath no Shrine but Eloquence :  
Her only Altar is the Soul of Man.”

It might be necessary to apologize for many other Passages in the subsequent Pages: The Author, however, shall at present forbear—submitting his Poem to the Candor of an indulgent Public; whose very favourable Reception of his former Productions hath inspired Gratitude, but not excited Confidence.

October 20th, 1787.



[Price Five Shillings]



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THE  
ENGLISH ORATOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ON

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

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THE ENGLISH ORATOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE INOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

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TO  
THOMAS ERSKINE, Esq.

THE FOLLOWING PIECE  
ON  
THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR  
IS

(BY PERMISSION)

INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE REVERENCE

WITH WHICH HIS SINGULAR ABILITIES  
IN THE LINE OF FORENSIC ORATORY  
ARE REGARDED,

BY HIS MOST

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



THOMAS ERSKINE, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING

OF

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR

(BY PERMISSION)

INSERIBED

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE RESPECT

WITH WHICH HIS SINGULAR ABILITIES

IN THE LINE OF FORENSIC ORATORY

ARE REGARDED

BY HIS MOST

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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## A R G U M E N T.

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# THE ENGLISH ORATOR.

## BOOK *the* SECOND.

GENIUS of British Law, who lov'st the Smile  
Of Freedom's open Aspect ; tho' deduc'd  
From Norman Ancestry—a Warrior-Brood  
Stern-featur'd—Genius, whose parental Eye  
Kindles in Triumph o'er thy studious Dome 5  
Fast by the Banks of Thames, where many a Youth  
Still adds new Treasure to his mental Stores,  
Foster'd by thee !—O hear, nor slight the Muse  
Who, erst, an humble Visitant, aspir'd  
To ope PERSUASION'S Portals, and unveil 10  
Her living Altar !—hear, and bid thy Sons,  
If they have listen'd to my Lay, resume  
The attentive Mien : For, to thy Sons my Song  
Shall roll the warning Descant, that, erewhile,  
Touch'd with diffusive Flow the general Theme. 15

If,

If, then, my Pupil, thou hast trac'd thy Sphere  
 Peculiar, in my various Verse; and view'd  
 The Oration's first Essential, as it suits  
 Thy favourite Aims; still sedulous, revolve  
 That first Essential—**ARGUMENT**: Its *Source* 20  
 Explore; pursue it to its *Ends*; and, last,  
 Its *Object* with attentive Care survey.

Thus, shall thine emulous Instructor lead  
 Thy Steps to Scenes of Contest; mark thy Cause,  
 Thine Audience, and Opponent; and inspire 25  
 The quick Adroitness that elicits Truth.

Wide is the Extent of Reasoning; yet observe  
 Its legal Limits. Tho' thine active Mind  
 Dive into deepest **ARGUMENT**, and draw  
 From its *Internal Fount* of **REASON**, Truths 30  
 That carry strong Conviction; 'tis in vain  
 They flow, unless united with the Stream  
 Sprung from that other Source *Extrinsic* judg'd—  
**AUTHORITY**. Here fix thy Studies; here  
 Approach the Laws of Albion, and her Acts 35  
 Of Senatorial Wisdom: Here behold

Thy

Thy circumscribing Circle: Hence the Strength  
 Of Argument, whate'er its destin'd End,  
 Educe; and to the litigated Point  
 Apply, not careless of forensic Forms. 40

For, vainly think not, tho' the classic School  
 Of Eloquence hath charm'd thy tranced Hours,  
 That, there, the just—the appropriate Model claims  
 Thine imitative Labors. Unconstrain'd,  
 From Equity's intrinsic Source, (to all 45  
 Perspicuous) and the Heart's Decisions stamp'd  
 By Nature's Seal, and Man's primæval Laws,  
 The immortal Champions of the Forum drew  
 Their more persuasive Numbers. Short their Code,  
 And simple; wedded to no Toil austere; 50  
 Nor asking many a Lustrum, to devote  
 The midnight Lamp to Musing. To combine  
 The quick Varieties of Thought; to snatch  
 From Elocution all the heightening Grace  
 Of Diction; and amuse the Million's Eye 55  
 By each external Impulse; this their Boast,  
 This was their Aim. No deep immuring Pile,



(The Science of innumerable Tomes) oppress  
 The mental Strength elastic; nor perplex'd  
 By Facts from mazy Records, the free Flow 60  
 Of Speech, that never hesitating ran  
 Thro' easy Vein. And while (the rare Result  
 Of letter'd Art) the precious Volume gave  
 Its Treasures to the Few—perhaps no more  
 Accessible, and barr'd from vulgar Gaze; 65  
 They bade retentive Memory on their Mind  
 Impress each Image, in distinctive Lines  
 That mock'd Erasure. Hence the Pleader, bold  
 In vigorous Thought, and trusting to those Powers  
 Which knew no ready Refuge, in the Means 70  
 Of foreign Aid, unlock'd with Nature's Key  
 The secret Springs that agitate the Soul!

But, not here only the Civilian, proud  
 Of high untramel'd Eloquence, gave Scope  
 To daring Declamation: His Career 75  
 Brav'd every Check, impetuous; whilst in Groupes  
 Distinct thro' varied Character or Age,  
 Or Feelings or Opinion, the mixt Tribe

Of numerous Judges, by the changeful Mien,  
 The assenting Nod, the favouring Murmur, Looks 80  
 Applausive, and full many a Sign yet dash'd  
 With Frowns and not unanimous, betray'd  
 The Judgement's feeble Rule amidst a Crowd  
 Of warring Wills, and Passion's lawless Sway,  
 And fond Caprice that fluctuates as it feels 85  
 Its own reactive Impulse ! Hence the Fire  
 That wing'd each Word ; and all the enticing Arts  
 Which Albion's philosophic Taste condemns,  
 As Rant or Artifice. Her temperate Eye  
 Turns from the flaming Picture, where (perchance 90  
 In Guilt's dark Cause) amid the stoled Tribe  
 Persuasion's swift-descending Genius swells  
 The Oration's Period ; rolls the indignant Orb  
 Against the accusing Witnesses ; in Rage  
 Adverts to fabricated Injuries ; asks 95  
 Forgiveness from the sympathetic Soul,  
 In Gestures that seem trembling at the Touch  
 Of Agony severe ; and, scattering round  
 The Illusion of theatric Forms, convokes  
 Haply some Parent and his little Race 100

In Sorrow's Weeds; 'till, dup'd into Belief  
 Of all his Fancy fabled, he o'erwhelms  
 Ev'n wary Wisdom; and bids vanquish'd Hosts  
 Sink in the mighty Magic of the Scene!

Far other Task, young Orator, be thine; 105  
 Strenuous, within the Ramparts of the Law,  
 To give thy Talents the resistless Force  
 Of legal Science. For, here only, lies  
 The Path, where, hastening with her civic Wreath,  
 Fair Oratory comes, to crown thy Toil. 110

But not as thy Compeers, (who oft confine  
 Their Labors to the secondary Tome  
 Compil'd by modern Industry) reject  
 The Legends, whose illuminated Page  
 Unveils the painted Briton; or the Bird 115  
 Of Rome quick-pouncing on the scythed Car;  
 Or treacherous HENGIST, "by the pale Moon," drench'd  
 In British Blood, (where the rude-pillar'd Rocks  
 Of monumental Sarum rise, to mark  
 The Murder) or the fiery-tressed Dane— 120  
 All sway'd by fluctuating Laws, that pass'd

Thro'



Thro' many a Shape, 'till blended with the Mass  
 Of Norman Legislation. From such Days  
 Of simpler Aspect, when our Fathers own'd  
 Compacts, like those the Tartar-hordes observe 125  
 In untaught Nature (or sage HOMER view'd  
 In early Greece) deduce the augmenting Ties  
 Of Law, diversified as Custom calls,  
 And all the mingling Manners. Yet not long  
 Let Prospects dim'd by Fiction's Mist, detain 130  
 Thy philosophic Eye; tho' haply thereon  
 The Cromlehs of the Druid Judge uprear'd  
 Their reverential Piles beneath the Gloom  
 Of cavern'd Oaks, to strike Cornubia's Sons  
 With chill Dismay—tho', there, an OFFA tower'd 135  
 High in the Lifts of legislative Fame!  
 Nor, ev'n amid the Relics that record  
 An ALFRED's or an EDWARD's Skill, protract  
 Thy curious Search; content with transient Gaze  
 To mark obscurer Systems. No—be thine 140  
 To muse on each Original, where Law  
 Distinct appears. The feudal Tenure trace—  
 Its Rise—its Diffolution: From the Wreck

Still

Still extant, many a scatter'd Relic meets  
 The observing Glance. The historic Truth, or Scene, 145  
 Or Incident, with legal Science link'd,  
 Delineate: Hail the Charter; hail the Dawn  
 Of Parliaments—tho' first thy Transports fee  
 (The Boast of Saxons!) from beneath the Weight  
 Of Normandy's oppressive Throne arise 150  
 That antient Jury—not misdeem'd the Mound  
 Of Freedom, stronger than the Cliffs that guard  
 Britannia's Cities from the Wave! Behold  
 Thy Albion views it with the tremulous Fears  
 Of fond parental Vigilance; alarm'd 155  
 Ev'n at a momentary Blast, that blows  
 Where the dark Cloud convolves its lurid Skirts,  
 Pavilioning the Tyrant!—yet assur'd  
 Of sheltering Safety, while, thro' all the Lapse  
 Of Ages, her distinguish'd Sons to thwart 160  
 The Monarch's threat'ning Efforts have aris'n,  
 With Blushes kindled at the vestal Flame  
 Of Honor; with the liberal Love of Law;  
 Unblemish'd Faith; the high-transmitted Sense  
 Of Equity; and all the glowing Soul 165

That

That lives in Truth and Feeling! Such thy Praise,  
 O ERSKINE, brightest of those Sons!—adorn'd  
 With Laurels that outvie the Grecian Palm,  
 Victor in British Eloquence! In vain  
 The sterner Terrors of a MANSFIELD's Eye 170  
 Frown'd on thy Firmness! Tho' the Patriarch Judge  
 Sinking thro' venerable Years, and sage  
 In legal Wisdom, an attentive Awe  
 Inspir'd; the Rights of injur'd Britons claim'd  
 Thy deeper Reverence!—Prospects such as these, 175  
 Ingenuous Youth, to wing thy patriot Zeal,  
 Unfold; and let them beam upon thy Mind  
 The Spirit of the accumulating Laws,  
 The Senatorial Statutes. Thus thy Search  
 Exploring History's progressive Page, 180  
 Shall with clear Insight penetrate the Maze  
 Of complicated Law; whether thy Art  
 Elucidate the darker Customs, sprung  
 From immemorial Time, or on the Acts  
 Of Senates found its Greatness. Yet the Task 185  
 Claims Resolution's firmest Force.—How few  
 Can bid Attention sedulously wake

To



To the pale Lamp ; while, round, the vacant Mirth  
 Of Diffipation roars ; while Pleasure's Voice  
 Echoes the lulling Music thro' the Groves,  
 That, like some Wizard's fabled Garden, float  
 Effusing Radiance on the Skirts of Night ;  
 Or while a SIDDONS, in impassion'd Tones,  
 (As her Soul rushes thro' her Form) transports  
 And chills ; or meretricious Beauty rolls  
 The soft voluptuous Eye ! How many a Youth  
 Whom all a Parent's Fondness nurs'd for Fame—  
 How many a Youth to late Repentance pours  
 A Waste of Sighs !—EUGENIO's Morn of Life  
 Open'd, in golden Prospect, on a Mind  
 Unspotted ; on the genuine Sense of Right ;  
 And plain Sincerity ; a sparkling Ray  
 From Fancy ; and pure Taste from classic Lore ;  
 Enlighten'd Sentiment ; and no mean Thirst  
 For Praise ; whilst ardent Emulation points  
 His Views not unaspiring, where the Dome  
 Of Science mingles with the distant Heaven !  
 And, ah ! what Visions to a Father's Eye,  
 Hope-pencil'd, rise—when now the starting Tear

Of filial Duty trembles; as he leaves 210  
 For proud Augusta, the rever'd Repose  
 Of his paternal Shade. ' Go, my lov'd Boy,  
 ' Go to a World, where Manners yet unmark'd  
 ' Shall meet thine Eye—where strong Temptation spreads  
 ' The dazzling Charm—where many a specious Lure 215  
 ' May draw thy young Simplicity from Fame  
 ' And Virtue! Yet far other Views my Hope  
 ' Hath giv'n; and may a bounteous Power confirm  
 ' The Voice that bids thee, still thyself, repel  
 ' Whate'er may lead thee from the silent Path 220  
 ' Of thy appropriate Labors, or relax  
 ' The Ties of Duty: So may Honors croud  
 ' Around thee, Riches bless thy Toil, and Worth  
 ' Conspicuous in a Sphere that shall command  
 ' The Reverence of Mankind, present thy Powers 225  
 ' The Shield to guard thy Country!' From a Sire  
 Thus eloquent in Love—a Mother's Looks  
 Where Fondness beam'd ineffable, he hastes  
 To Fame's bright Area. There, the approv'd Pursuit  
 Show'd, regular awhile, the studious Mind. 230  
 But, soon, his sprightly Fancy overleap'd

The proper Limits, fearful as she rov'd,  
 Nor vagrant long. 'Twas then that Elegance  
 Which only the poetic Bosom feels,  
 Sported, with an amusive Lustre gay ; 235  
 Rendering the Darknefs of the abstruser Law  
 More vifible—a blank contrasted Gloom.  
 What tho', in tremulous Haste, he oft recall'd  
 Attention to its wonted Task ; how vain  
 Each Effort, while his fond Idea strove 240  
 To give Imagination proper Scope,  
 And rein it as he will'd ; ere Ufe had fix'd  
 His Aims—his Studies. Nor the reckless Tribe  
 Amid the feftal Moment spar'd fuch Strains  
 As flight the Code voluminous, and paint 245  
 To Paffion, all the sweetly-thrilling Glow  
 A Thais boasts. Still undebauch'd, he blames  
 The rare Excefs ; and hails the Chambers, mark'd  
 For his intenfè Refearch. There Silence lends  
 Deep Meditation Aid, as with hush'd Wing 250  
 Brooding on the fequefter'd Spot ſhe holds  
 Her little Empire ; or with noiſelefs Step  
 Circling her Dome, (whoſe airy Windows front

Thy



Thy Stream, salubrious Thames, and the green Hills  
 Of open Surry)—chafes wild Uproar, 255  
 The Din of Wheels, the Rabble's deaf'ning Shout,  
 And the harsh Confluence of promiscuous Sounds ;  
 Where each pent Street swarms populous, thro' the Shade  
 Of towering Edifices—all involv'd  
 In murky Smoke and putrid Stench obscene. 260

From hurrying Dissonance retir'd, and Blasts  
 Contagious, into calm Repose, where fresh  
 The Breezes blow ; EUGENIO, frequent, turns  
 The abstracted Page of Knowledge. Yet reeurs  
 Each Image of his Comrade-Train, their Jests 265  
 And pointed Ridicule : while sick Dis taste  
 Slackens his Toil, nor Emulation fees  
 Its rival Objects ; and the distant Views  
 Of Good sink, lessen'd, into Shade ; and Scenes  
 Of present Pleasure with attractive Hue 270  
 Slide on the Sight. Behold, the Dream of Joy  
 Swims round ; and, 'midst the Fever of the Bowl,  
 Vice, subtle Sorceress, lurks, to lure her Prey  
 Unweeting. See her magic Touch impells

His madden'd Senses to the Harlot Bowers 275  
 That bloom o'er Death's dark Cave. Still, still, Escape—  
 And Life was near, had Resolution barr'd  
 Relapse ; while linger'd the repentant Blush  
 Of Shame ! But Repetition blunts the Steel  
 Which, erst, had stabb'd ; and each Sensation dies 280  
 That rose from conscious Honor ! Heavy hangs  
 Each Hour ; and wearisome the Couch, where light  
 His Slumbers, at the Dawn of Morning, flew ;  
 Where his invigorated Genius wak'd  
 Its active Fires ; where, erst, Reflexion held 285  
 Its friendly Mirror, to his ardent Eye  
 Painted with fairy Visions ! Ah, too soon,  
 They disappear ! while, sad Reverse, he sees  
 For Innocence the livid Stain of Guilt  
 Impure ; for Health's gay Spirit and warm Flush, 290  
 The slow-consuming Canker of Disease ;  
 And, for paternal Blessings, as the Dew  
 Of Heaven, a Parent's Rage, a Parent's Tears !

For thee beneath a happier Planet born,  
 Never may frantic Diffipation lead 295  
 Thy

Thy JUDGMENT from the ponderous Tome—the *Source*  
 Whence all its Vigor springs—a *Source*, that shines  
 Discover'd in clear Light; while, now, the Cause  
 Intrusted to thy Care and Talents, calls  
 To Action. Yet attend the previous Rules 300  
 That teach, how best Invention shall educe  
 Its Arguments from Memory's copious Stores,  
 The Stores of Law. Ere, then, the Bar invites,  
 Frame, oft, the ideal Cause; and, in deep Thought  
 Musing amid thy Closet's Stillness, fix 305  
 The imaginary Client's Case, revolv'd  
 Thro' all its Parts; nor in the Scales of Law  
 Pois'd with unequal Balance; every Plea  
 And every probable Objection weigh'd,  
 Till freely flows Invention (yet more free 310  
 To flow, as Exercise unceasing swells  
 Its stronger Current) 'till Arrangement gives  
 To all thy argumentative Detail  
 Its due Distinctness. But, unless thy Skill  
 Essay to separate the varying Kinds 315  
 Of ARGUMENT, and class them as the Laws  
 Of their peculiar Nature tend; their Tribe  
 Promiscuous,



Promiscuous, tho' they own their proper *Source*,  
 Will mar perspicuous Method.—Know, the Points  
 Of logical Deduction that engage 320  
 The speculative Powers of Man, and bring  
 His oratorical Talents into Life,  
 In three great *Ends* converge—the common Theme  
 Of all—to literary Minds, the Ground  
 Of philosophic Theories—to the rude, 325  
 Of practical Pursuit. While PLATO's Thought  
 Soars in the high Discussion of the True,  
 The Good, the Fair; *Truth, Interest, Duty* strike  
 In plainer Forms, the Multitude. To these  
 (The universal Principles) appeal'd 330  
 The Orators of old, nor intermix'd  
 Their Arguments of three-fold Class; intent  
 To *prove* each clear Position, ere they prest  
 What *Duty* dictates—arguing on the Sense  
 Of *Right*, or labour'd to evince the *Good* 335  
 They painted. Yet more limited thy Care  
 To weave, in apt Accordance with the Laws,  
 The Proofs of *Justice* and of *Truth*; adhere  
 To stated Facts; nor vainly interpose,

Intrusive,

Intrusive, to persuade the veteran Judge 340  
 To fair Decision, by the full Display  
 Of *Interest* or *Utility*. To *Truth*

Thy Path directs thee; first as lightly moves  
 The Series of thy Reasoning, but ascends  
 In potent Climax till the weightier force 345  
 Conviction. Yet, if Doubt hang o'er thy Cause,

Instant to thine Antagonist oppose  
 Thy fairest Show of Reason, nor betray  
 Thy Weakness by the slight Attack. If Facts  
 That ask the Labor of Detail be thine, 350

Tho' of a trivial Nature when survey'd  
 Apart, yet close-connected such as rise  
 To strong presumptive Evidence; here best  
 Thy Subject can determine thee, to form  
 Those apt Conjunctions which may give the Power 355

Of mutual Illustration, and the Force  
 Of full-concenter'd Light. But, happier thou  
 To spread in wide Expansion every Fact  
 Strong in itself, and meeting the keen Search  
 Of Opposition's Eye—thro' every Point 360

Tho' various, singly shifted and diffus'd;

Till

Till ev'n Suspicion nods Assent, and *Truth*  
Beams as the Splendor of meridian Skies.

Thus then the *Source* of ARGUMENT, the LAWS,  
And thus its *Ends* contemplated, proceed 365  
Bold in the auspicious Progress, and address  
Its *Object* the JUDICIAL POWERS. From these  
The Effence of forensic Speech arose;  
To these direct thine Aim. To common Sense  
Uniform'd by Institution; or to cool 370  
And deep-deciding Wisdom be thy Thoughts  
Convey'd, in simple unimpassion'd Phrase.  
For, vainly to the doubting Jury shines  
The rich Allusion: Vainly bursting Sighs  
Assail the unshaken Bench. Here Fancy feels 375  
Its Weakness—here tumultuous Passion dies!

Not that forensic Eloquence excludes  
IMAGINATION, whose peculiar Sway  
The Senate owns: Not that the PASSIONS, here,  
(Whose sacred Influence trembling Fanes confess) 380  
Invariably exert their Force in vain.

Fancy



Fancy may recommend the abstruser Terms  
 Of Law ; and o'er Austerity diffuse  
 A winning Softness, as she gives the Grace  
 Of numerous Elocution to adorn 385  
 The subtlest Subject. Yet in rare Displays  
 Indulge Imagination : And, more rare  
 Let specious Wit to thy Assistance rise ;  
 That frequent, when exhausted Reason fails ;  
 Catches with momentary Glance the Crowd. 390

Such Rules as thy attentive Care revolves,  
 Behold, amid the imaginary Cause,  
 Conscious of still Retirement Action springs,  
 Uncheck'd—or by the Mirror that gives back  
 Each Gesture hence constrain'd—or by the Sword's 395  
 Impending Point—vain puerile Conceit !  
 No—to thy Feelings let free Action speak  
 The Process of the Oration's Parts ; direct  
 The Modulation of thy toneful Voice ;  
 Beam in thy Looks enlighten'd ; and express 400  
 Passion's quick Changes, if thy Cause allow ;  
 Where, haply, Pity may with Sighs survey

The suffering Client, Anger execrate  
 Oppression's iron Fang, or patriot Zeal  
 Rise with a noble Vengeance to reclaim 405  
 The public Freedom, and arrest that Arm  
 Which strove to stab it thro' the bleeding Rights  
 Of trampled Individuals.—Such the Height  
 Thy Art shall gain, if thine own ardent Mind  
 Befriend thy Studies. With no guiding Clue 410  
 To lead thee thro' the Labyrinth of the Laws,  
 Thine is to seek thy solitary Way.  
 For vain the formal Lecture, skimming o'er  
 The Surface of its Subject—every Sound  
 By no unmerited Proscription doom'd 415  
 To waste its Echoes in the desert Hall.  
 Not but the Templar with unsanction'd Wit  
 Oft deems the Lecturer leaden; and seduc'd  
 By vagrant Fancy, scorns the servile Task  
 Of regular Attendance. Be it thine 420  
 To vindicate thy Veteran, while his Care  
 Claims but a trivial Praise. Tho' lax or dull  
 His superficial Manner, join not thou  
 Each flippant Censure. Yet the unheeded Schools

Of English Jurisprudence, far surpass 425  
 By antient Seminaries, scarce deserve  
 Our transient Survey. Persia's docile Youth,  
 Nurs'd in the School of Justice from the Days  
 Of early Childhood, and imbibing deep  
 The Principles of Right, shone eminent 430  
 In Reasoning and the Faculty of Speech.  
 Thus too the Roman Institution form'd  
 (Tho' by no Codes abstruse) the expanding Mind  
 To moral Sensibilities; infus'd  
 The Love of beauteous Order, by Debates 435  
 On Virtue link'd with Policy; and trac'd  
 For many a little Advocate, adroit  
 In his habitual Pleadings, the fair Line  
 Of civic Honors. Say, can Britain boast  
 Such Discipline? Her toiling Sons that dive 440  
 Too late for legal Treasures, scarce emerge  
 With painful Struggles from the Depths of Law.  
 Yet oft the British Barrister hath ris'n  
 Deck'd with the Pearls of Science. We have seen  
 The Templar's unassisted Efforts seize 445  
 Gems that might dazzle Rome's instructed Tribes.



For we have hail'd a BEARCROFT's easy Flow,  
 His clear Precision—we have view'd a JONES  
 In Erudition multiform, extend  
 The British Spirit over Indian Climes! 450  
 Aw'd have we met a LOUGHBOROUGH's eagle Eye  
 Darting vivacious Science from the Seat  
 Judicial, while his vigorous Thoughts were grac'd  
 With rich luxuriant Language! Nor unmark'd  
 A BULLER's penetrating Sense—his Mind, 455  
 That with a fierce Velocity hath spread  
 Conviction round, the stern Tribunal arms  
 With active Law! To Dignities like these,  
 Young Pupil, let thy Hopes aspire: Nor vain  
 The proud Ambition; if to native Power 460  
 Of Intellect thou add the unwearied Toil,  
 That ere the Sun shall gild the Horizon opes  
 The studious Tome, nor closes at pale Eve.

IF, then, thy animated Genius feel,  
 Thro' frequent Composition and the Force 465  
 Of long habitual Practice in the Shade

Of

Of Privacy, its Vigor strung for War—  
 For high Debate—behold the thronged Hall  
 Where Justice beckons to her Aid thy Youth  
 Now trembling ; while thy fine Emotions rais'd 470  
 In various Perturbation speak thy Sense  
 Of Character, thy Diffidence of Strength  
 To gain the proffer'd Honors, and the Dye  
 Just wavering to determine at a Cast  
 The Color of thy Life! Yet go ; nor dread 475  
 A liberal Audience, whose Applause shall hail  
 The Blush of youthful Eloquence. If, there,  
 Where, in Seclusion, flow'd the unstudied Phrase,  
 Each Power of Oratory strait obey'd  
 Thy Summons ; be assur'd, those Powers (erelong 480  
 Vers'd in forensic Forms) shall here alike  
 Await thy Call. See—as the obtrusive Hopes  
 And Fears, that hover'd o'er the Sense of Fame,  
 No longer flutter with air-woven Wing,  
 Thy Subject comes (erewhile in every Point 485  
 Familiar to thy penetrating Eye)  
 To take the full Possession of thy Soul ;  
 Abstract it from all other Cares ; and rise

In

In Order's clear Progreffion from thy Tongue  
 Still tremulous amid the Exordial Part, 490  
 Yet fluent, as Narration slides away  
 In smother Lapfe—and now collected roll  
 The full conglomerated Proofs, and laft  
 Perhaps the Spirit of the Pathos breath'd  
 In momentary Fervor closes all. 495

Thus while a manlier Animation stamps  
 Thy Powers, and bids thee to thyself attach  
 Thy Client's Cause; each faint misgiving Fear  
 Expires, and Genius unembarass'd scorns  
 Its former Aims, and towers to radiant Heights 500  
 Its solitary Efforts never knew!

If Knowledge furnish the firm-ton'd Reply,  
 Thy faithful Memory prompts thee to display  
 Each unsophisticated Fact advanc'd  
 By thine Antagonist: And tho' the Feints 505  
 Of disingenuous Artifice distort  
 The objected Proof, or labour to suppress  
 By many a subtle Subterfuge the Force  
 Which braves the unmask'd Attack; thy Candor, bold



In unconcealing Openness, admits 510  
 Thine Adversary's fairer Pleas, and spurns  
 The Wreath that circles the deceitful Brow.

Hence, then, thy prepossessing Cause shall meet  
 Its just Redress; where unperturbed Law  
 Repels the false Illusion, and enchains 515  
 Accurst Chicane! thy fluctuating Tribes.

But not enough that Knowledge of thy Cause  
 (The Fruit of previous Search) illumine thy Mind;  
 That hence thy willing Oratory link  
 Each Fact in flowing Series; that thy Zeal 520  
 Arm thee with such an Energy as speaks  
 Thine undissembling Spirit; or that Truth  
 (Still more attractive than thy Cause) concede  
 The Opponent's fairer Plea. Know, many a Point  
 Yet never gain'd amid Seclusion, asks 525  
 Thy Care; and asks it only, where resort  
 They, whom thy palpitating Bosom notes  
 With emulous Warmth—the Masters of thy Art!

There,

There best shall nice Discernment see, and Use  
 Transfer—what never Bard essay'd to sing— 530  
 The legal Process, and the legal Phrase  
 Of immemorial Origin. My Song  
 With vain Attempt may separate the Shades  
 Of Character that mark the *two-fold* Scene,  
 Where Justice ponders on the *Civil* Case, 535  
 Or to the *Criminal* withdraws her View :  
 Here, fix'd in deep Decision on the Pleas  
 Of *Property* ; there, balancing the Scales  
 Of Liberty or Durance, Life or Death.

Yet, featur'd hence, thy Oratory wears 540  
 A twofold Aspect. If Attention trace  
 The mazy Ambiguities of Right  
 Disputed or infrin'g'd, and by the Rules  
 Of simple or of complicated Law  
 Decide ;—then stricter Logic, to discuss, 545  
 And Depth in legal Science, to apply,  
 Shall give thy plainer Eloquence a Cast  
 Of Shade unchequer'd by the intrusive Rays  
 Of metaphoric Light—but yet reliev'd

By

By its more tranſient Luſtre. To the Pomp 550  
 Of fateful Retribution if the Muſe  
 Guide thy diſcriminating Eye, behold  
 The Law leſs intricate; and many a Caſe  
 Ev'n level to the common Mind, and fraught  
 With deeper Interſt—while terrific “ ſhakes 555  
 The mortal Urn!” And, hence, a liberal Scope  
 For more impaſſion'd Deſcant—for the Appeal  
 To Juries, who, tho' inexpt and rude  
 Yet feeling their ſublimer Function, catch  
 The inſtinſtive Sigh deſcending in a Flow 560  
 Of more familiar Diction to the Heart;  
 The Apoſtrophe that marks the galling Chain  
 Of the wan Priſoner; and the Addreſs, that liſts  
 The Story with nice Scrutiny, confronts  
 Each fair-examin'd Witneſs, and detects 565  
 Full oft the deep Impoſture's winding Maze.

Yes! tho' the infernal Brood of Falſhood broach  
 The forged Tale; here, unappall'd her Cheek!  
 Here, here protected ſtands white Innocence—  
 White in her own pure Luſtre! No fell Rack 570  
 She fears—no dire Inquiſitor of Death.



YET into other Climates if the Muse  
 Excursive wander—since, forensic Youths!  
 She closes, here, the dry preceptive Strain—  
 Full many a Sufferer may she note, foredoom'd 575  
 To Vengeance; while amid Concealment's Haunts  
 Triumphs the dark Informer, undisturb'd.

From British Bosoms oft the generous Sigh,  
 Wafted by sympathizing Pity, flows  
 To Gallia's Coast; as her State Minions press 580  
 Like Panthers, thro' the Gloom of Night, and seize  
 The Wretch untried, and bear him to the Cells  
 Of castled Horror—never more to feel  
 The Orient's cheering Light and Warmth, or taste  
 One dear domestic Pleasure! All unknown 585  
 His Fate, perhaps the Partner of his Soul  
 Pierc'd by the fancied Images she paints  
 (Yet not surpassing Truth) shudders and dies!

And see the Judges in mock Grandeur move  
 On Tajo's Banks, as Persecution's Blaze 590  
 Enwraps the livid Culprit; o'er whose Frame  
 Emaciate

Emaciate, each torn Nerve and Muscle strain'd  
 By oft repeated Torture, had appear'd  
 Distinctly visible; and every Bone  
 In dislocating Agonies shot forth 595  
 Thro' all the writhing Body, that lay stretch'd  
 On the dread Engine! Thus, in every Land  
 Where Tyranny uprears his giant Form,  
 The Cries of outrag'd Nature loud proclaim—  
 That his Associate Cruelty hath steep'd 600  
 The dropping Sceptre, unappeas'd, in Blood.

Just Heaven! Can He, who boasts the Rights of Man,  
 Whether the Seine or Tajo, or the Clime  
 Of pale Byzantium character his Soul—  
 Heaven! can the Beings, whose primæval Lot 605  
 Was Freedom, yet survey the Despot drench'd  
 In human Gore; and not, indignant, rend  
 (His Demons trembling) the mysterious Veil  
 Of secret Machination? Where the Mosques  
 Of MAHOMET high-shoot their gilded Spires, 610  
 How many a Janissary-Sabre waves  
 To the cold Shriek of Death! An AMURATH nods  
 Vindictive!

Vindictive!—Instant yawns the muttering Cave,  
 Where clanks the pallid Muffulman his Chain  
 To meet the Bowstring, or the venom'd Draught 615  
 That tinctures the dark Chalice!—Turn thine Eyes  
 Where light the gaudy Gondolas glance o'er  
 The subject Gulf of Adria—Mercy there  
 Sheds agonizing Tears, as Terror points  
 To young ingenuous FOSCARI; whose sad Fate 620  
 Told in Venetian Story, hath aspers'd  
 Its Page.—DONATO, a Venetian Lord,  
 Near his piazza'd Dome, at twilight Eve,  
 Fell by a Hand unknown; when, sudden, past  
 A Slave of noble FOSCARI—who, ere Morn, 625  
 Had fled from Venice. Hence the Senate deem'd  
 The eloping Menial but an Instrument  
 Of FOSCARI's fancied Villainy. O lost—  
 Too early lost to all thy Country's Hopes,  
 Much injur'd Youth! What tho' thy purer Fame, 630  
 Thy undisguis'd Demeanor, and thy Looks  
 Of open Candor, mingled every Charm  
 Which might have seal'd the Eye, that never felt  
 The closing Lid—Suspicion's restless Orb—

The



The guilty Stain !—No Sigh from Virtue's Soul 635  
 Avail'd to soothe the senatorial Voice,  
 That bade thee fly Venetia's Rage, and hide  
 'Mid Candia's Cliffs, an Exile—Candia, once  
 The glorious Seat of legislative Fame,  
 The Nurse of antient MINOS—the Retreat 640  
 Of Heaven's bright Race; where each ambrosial Vale  
 Embower'd a God ! Ah sunk amid the Isles,  
 A Den for Slavery, whilst Oblivion's Breath-  
 Spreads o'er its hundred Cities, as the Dews  
 Of its own Lethe !—Yet its Groves, still rich 645  
 With Fruits and Foliage, wave—its yellow Fields,  
 With various Grain; and its purpleal Hills  
 Still swelling with the clustering Grape, announce  
 The promis'd Vintage !—But in vain they wave,  
 In vain they blush, to the poor Exile's Eye 650  
 Which wildly wanders o'er the restless Surge;  
 And straining from the lone Beach to the Mists  
 That dim the Horizon, asks if some white Sail  
 Might, haply, gain upon the Sight—some Bark  
 Streaming the well-known Pendant. Many a Year 655  
 Heavily linger'd, while “ thro' Hope deferr'd  
 Sicken'd

Sicken'd his Heart"—tho', oft, her golden Light  
 Gleam'd, fleetingly—when, near, Venetian Sails  
 Seem'd o'er his freshen'd Spirit, as they came,  
 To waft the Sweetness of his native Air ! 660  
 Alas ! his Friends, tho' pitying, still declin'd  
 The mediatorial Task. To Milan's Duke  
 (Now his last hopeless Refuge) he entrusts  
 His Prayers for friendly Rescue—with a Slave,  
 Who, faithless, to Venetia's Lords betrays 665  
 The Tale of Woe. Incens'd the Nobles hear—  
 And (as their Law condemns the Wretch who flies  
 To foreign Potentates) remand him home  
 Doom'd to severer Anguish. His wan Limbs  
 Now stretch'd along the Wheel of Torture, hangs 670  
 Upon his bloodless Lips the faltering Voice :  
 ' May Heaven forgive my persecuting Foes—  
 ' My Heart forgives them ! Yet, a Moment, hear—  
 ' Yet, but a Moment, pity ! while I tell  
 ' That him who bore my Message I believ'd 675  
 ' In Treachery not unpractis'd ; nor misdeem'd  
 ' He would betray the Trust ! Thus, o'er the Seas  
 ' Hurried to meet my Judges, I yet hop'd

‘ Once

' Once more to visit the delightful Spot  
 ' That gave me Birth—to share, thro' racking Pain— 680  
 ' Tho' Death repay'd, a Friend's last lingering Looks ;  
 ' And bathe my Bosom in parental Tears,  
 ' And die in Peace !'—He spoke, and look'd around  
 In vain, for Mercy, thro' the Prison-Gloom—  
 She beam'd not, there. Instead of Mercy's Voice, 685  
 The Sentence echoed : ' That, to Candia's Isle  
 Returning, he should lie, for one long Year,  
 Chain'd to the desolated Dungeon ; thence,  
 (The Term expir'd) to wander o'er its Rocks  
 Thro' Life an Out-cast.' Yet, one little Space 690  
 The Despot's Pity granted, for the Throbs  
 Of filial Duty from its fondest Joys  
 For ever torn. His age-bent Parents came—  
 The venerable Father—on whose Brow  
 Hoar Time had scatter'd many a silver Hair 695  
 Distinctly trac'd, and who full thirty Years  
 Had worn the Purple—the pale Mother, wild  
 Thro' Grief—' My Son (exclaim'd the Sire) 'tis thine  
 ' To bear thy Fate with Firmness !' ' 'Tis a Fate,  
 ' (Answer'd the sinking FOSCARI) which I dread 700



' Beyond the extremer Agonies that rend  
 ' The struggling Frame! O by this bursting Heart  
 ' Which ever own'd Affection's purest Glow,  
 ' Warm for a Parent's Welfare—by the Tears  
 ' Of Innocence, that ask a Father's Love— 705  
 ' To give it yet unfulled to the World—  
 ' O, by the Mercies of a Saviour, shield  
 ' Thy Son—nor let each solitary Groan  
 ' Beat—the slow Knell of his departing Soul!  
 ' Alas! my FOSCARI! my Power were vain— 710  
 ' Submit thee to thy Country's Laws—the Doge  
 Replies ; and, hurrying from his Son's Embrace,  
 Shiver'd thro' Misery's keener Pangs too sharp  
 To suffer, 'till the Chillness that benumbs  
 The Fainting, ic'd his aged Bosom o'er 715  
 Yet left Life's feeble Spirit!—But to paint  
 The Mother's Form—O ye, whose Hearts have felt  
 The fond maternal Yearnings—ye, whose Eye  
 Hath caught the last fir'd Glances of your Child  
 Just sinking into Death's cold Dews—'tis yours— 720  
 Severe Preheminence! to paint that Form.  
 At length, the dire disastrous Story ran

Thro'

Thro' Venice : And the accumulated Woe  
 Touch'd the relenting Senate ; while Remorse  
 That strove to borrow the benignant Air 725  
 Of Mercy, the poor Exile's Pardon seal'd  
 Strait flew the Mandate of Recall : (for long  
 In Candia's Pris'n immur'd, the Youth had mourn'd  
 His Country lost—) But ah ! too late the Ray  
 Of Mercy glimmer'd. Lo the hapless Youth, 730  
 Amidst his dismal Durance as he breath'd  
 The solitary Groan, on the dear Wall  
 Had etch'd his Tale of Misery, and expir'd !

Albion ! not thus the Umpires of thy Laws  
 Usurp an arbitrary Rule, or claim 735  
 A Latitude of Judging, undefin'd :  
 While each, superior to the fervile Sense  
 Of mercenary Motives, owns no Guide  
 But Law ; and, nobly independent, scorns  
 The practis'd Smile of Flattery ; while no Gust 740  
 Of Passion with uncertain Eddy blows ;  
 And while Opinion, pranked in gaudy Vest,  
 Shifts no cameleon Colors ! Generous Youth !

Deem not, tho' uncurb'd Tyrants round thee wield  
 In other Climes, the Bolts of Vengeance red 745  
 With fiercer Fires and lanc'd thro' wider Air,  
 Deem not thy Sphere less awful. Tho' repress'd  
 Despotic Rage, 'tis Justice checks that Rage—  
 'Tis Mercy—the sweet Attribute—the Balm  
 Which drops from Heaven! Nor think, tho' antient Pomp  
 Dazzle thine Eye—tho' the throng'd Roman Bar,  
 Or Areopagus unfold its Tribes  
 Of purpled Judges—think not Albion fees  
 Abash'd the Grandeur of the proud Display;  
 While Wisdom far surpassing theirs, the Glow 755  
 Of Freedom (such as ev'n heroic Greece  
 Ne'er felt) and strict impartial Power diffuse  
 An all-commanding Dignity around  
 Her high Tribunal—her firm-rooted Throne.

Thrice happy Britons! while 'tis yours to view 760  
 The Majesty of Justice, undismay'd!  
 Thrice happy Britons! while 'tis yours to feel  
 In every dubious Case, the lenient Power  
 Of interposing Mercy—happier, still,

O then



O then most happy, if ye knew the Worth 765  
 Of those pure Laws whose Energy sustains  
 The fairest Constitution Time hath rear'd  
 Thro' all the Works of Ages! Britons, wake  
 To Glory—wake to Vengeance! In the Dust  
 Trample a felon Tribe with candid Fronts, 770  
 Yet bearing murderous Bosoms! Instant, crush  
 Those prostituted Hirelings that o'errun  
 The Land, in treacherous Combination leagu'd;  
 Like Rome's insidious Advocates (while Rome  
 Degenerate sunk to Earth) a reptile Race, 775  
 From the fell Hissing of whose viper Tongues  
 The Pontic Monarch turn'd his wounded Ears  
 Abhorrent! Such to Infamy betray  
 The Talents Nature in her Bounty gave,  
 And Culture might have ripen'd as the Shield 780  
 Of Property and Life! Alas! the Days  
 Of Innocence are past, that erst secure  
 Claim'd no Protection from the stranger Shield  
 Of legal Genius. Vain the formal Code,  
 When Liberty alone was Law; when all 785  
 Was halcyon Quiet;—ere Corruption marr'd

The fair Design of Being, or the Strife  
Of warring Tongues arose, on Shinar's Plain !

Then, nor Ambition ever knew to lure  
Beyond the Barrier of their proper Sphere, 790  
The grateful Progeny ; nor wild Desire  
Of Gain infring'd the universal Faith  
That, as the common Right of all, ensur'd  
The Gifts indulgent Heaven supplied, and ask'd  
No brighter Boon than Liberty and Love ! 795

'Twas then, the unaspiring Shepherd free  
From guilty Throbbings, down the palmy Vale  
Or up the Cedar-shadow'd Mountain drove  
His fleecy Charge—innocuous as the Lamb  
That playful frisk'd before him ! Then no Fence 800  
Arose to bound their Pastures, or protect  
The fearless Rangers from the unheeded Pard  
That oft, beneath the inwoven Foliage, stretch'd  
His spotted Length. 'Twas then, the friendly Shade  
Of Night unmark'd by prowling Rapine, bore 805  
No pale Suspicion on its darkling Wing,  
To hover at the unbolted Gate ; where Truth  
And Confidence unlimited, and all

The unalloy'd Delight that freely springs  
 From Happiness reciprocally shar'd— 810  
 Gave to Society its genuine Sweets ;  
 And bade (that high Prerogative of Man)  
 The POWER of SPEECH, express the unfullied Heart,  
 And harmonize with Virtue. And tho' there  
 No Rostrum to Ambition's Eye display'd 815  
 The Palms of Oratory, still the Glow  
 Benevolent of patriarchal Age  
 Distinctive in the hoary Father, fix'd  
 Thro' Eloquence more amiable, the Rules  
 Of Nature and of Conscience ; while the Race 820  
 Of Earth, in general Consonance, confest  
 Primæval Bliss ! one LANGUAGE and one LAW !

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





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THE  
ENGLISH ORATOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ON  
THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SENATE.

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THE  
ENGLISH ORATOR.

BOOK THE THIRD.  
OF  
THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SENATE.

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THE FLATTERING REFLEXION  
THAT  
THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CHATHAM  
HATH EXPRESSED AN INTEREST IN THE SUCCESS  
OF  
THE ENGLISH ORATOR,  
ENCOURAGES ITS AUTHOR  
TO INSCRIBE THE THIRD BOOK  
ON  
THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SENATE  
TO  
HER ILLUSTRIOUS SON,  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT:  
WHILST A CONVICTION  
THAT  
THE *PARLIAMENT* OF *GREAT-BRITAIN*  
AFFORDS NO OTHER MODEL SO HAPPILY CALCULATED  
TO EXEMPLIFY THE PRECEPTS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING POEM,  
SUGGESTS THE PROPRIETY OF THUS PRESENTING IT TO THE PUBLIC  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HIS PATRONAGE.

THE FOLLOWING RECEIPTS

WAS

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CHATHAM

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT

THE ENGLISH ORATOR

TO DESCRIBE THE TOWN OF

TO DESCRIBE THE TOWN OF

THE BLOQUE OF

THE BLOQUE OF

THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT

WILLIAM PITT

WAS

THE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND OTHER MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

TO EXAMINE THE RECEIPTS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING FORM

TO EXAMINE THE RECEIPTS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING FORM

UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF THE

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# THE ENGLISH ORATOR.

## BOOK the THIRD.

ERE yet the Plains of Marathon were drench'd  
In Persia's Blood, imperial Athens hail'd  
Her System of superior Law; elate  
With visionary Views of Freedom's Reign.  
' Behold (she cried) a System fram'd to suit  
' The Genius of my democratic Tribes  
' Whose Ancestry were Demigods! Behold  
' My Freedom, hence establish'd; on a Throne  
' Of adamant Strength!—Thee, SOLON, Thee  
The generous Transport of Minerva's Sons  
The universal Father term'd, and kiss'd  
Thy sacred Code. And see, the assembled Crowd  
With Zeal enthusiastic while they drink  
The Sounds that flow divinely from the Tongue  
Of their hoar Patriot, snatch the regal Robe

15  
And

And bid it fold his Limbs in purple Pride,  
 And in a momentary Frenzy clasp  
 The Trappings they had spurn'd indignant! Mark  
 The Patriot's Eye: No Pleasure sparkles there,  
 Or darts dishonest Glances centering all 20  
 In Self-applause; but pure parental Love,  
 And Pity's mild Benignity, and Grief  
 Prophetic, speak him Sovereign of the Heart.  
 Prefaging Ill, he sees the inconstant Tribes  
 The Prey of some Ufurper, whose fair Mien 25  
 And smooth Address and sweet-distilling Words  
 Might lure them into Bondage. So disguis'd,  
 Erelong, PISISTRATUS appear'd. Adorn'd  
 By all the exterior Graces which diffuse  
 So bright a Charm o'er Genius that it seems 30  
 Persuasion's self embodied, Magic hung  
 Upon his Lips—and THESEUS' godlike Race  
 Fell crouching at his Feet. The reverend Sage  
 Wept o'er the sudden Impulse; and retir'd  
 (Since vainly might his Presence interpose) 35  
 From each familiar Scene, to distant Climes;  
 Tho' not despairing: For he long had read

And

Nature's



Nature's first Laws ; and trac'd, with curious Search,  
 The Lineaments of proud Athenian Minds  
 Yet undefac'd by Tyrants. The high Sense 40  
 Of Honor, deaden'd into slumberous Rest,  
 Repos'd, as yet, unsmother'd. And its Flame  
 Rekindling fierce, might burst in vengeful Wrath  
 Round the pale Despot; while some daring Youth—  
 Some brave HARMODIUS might arise, to dash 45  
 The tottering Throne in Atoms to the Ground,  
 And give to SOLON's Worth, to SOLON's Laws,  
 His rescued Athens. Still, the boding Sigh,  
 And many a melancholy Pause, betray'd  
 The Legislator's Mind perplex'd by Doubts 50  
 His Wisdom vainly struggled to resolve.  
 ' What tho' my System hath oppos'd (he cried)  
 ' To factious Millions a distinguish'd Few,  
 ' Meet Rulers; yet hath rein'd the oppressive Rich  
 ' By universal Right of Suffrage, lodg'd 55  
 ' In convocated Crowds; some Demon lurks  
 ' Beneath the specious Fabric! At this Hour  
 ' Perhaps the suffering People rous'd to Shame  
 ' Murmur Revolt: But scarce Minerva's Self

Can

' Can bar Relapse to Thralldom. Many an Age 60  
 ' Shall see the infidious Nobles hovering o'er  
 ' Devoted Tribes—shall see, with open Front,  
 ' The dark designing Demagogue arise;  
 ' While spreads a rapid Ferment thro' the Throng,  
 ' Rais'd by the Force of Eloquence, whose Breath 65  
 ' Can shake tumultuous Athens, like the Waves  
 ' Of her own Euripus! And true the Sage  
 Foretold. Full many a Revolution shook  
 The frail Construction, whose discordant Springs  
 An ill-communicated Motion spoke; 70  
 As the fell Pomp of One, exulting, crush'd  
 The Many; and the Democratic Rage  
 Prevail'd; or Aristocracy pursued  
 With Havock its broad Track, o'erwhelming all!

Nor Rome survey'd, amidst the changeful Shapes 75  
 Of civil Policy, the blending Parts  
 Of one confederate Whole; while Senates warr'd  
 With popular Assemblies, whether Kings  
 Pass'd fullen by, or stern Dictators frown'd,  
 Or a Decemvirate, in dread Array, 80

Scowl'd

Scowl'd o'er her People. Say, when public Cares  
 Engag'd her throng'd Comitia; and the Voice  
 Of blustering Tribune, of plebeian Chief,  
 Harangu'd the unsteady Multitude—impell'd  
 To incidental Judgment by a Hint 85  
 Ambiguous, by the inflammatory Phrase,  
 By Stratagem tho' shallow yet unseen,  
 By shifted Place, a momentary Turn,  
 By a Bird's Flight—did Freedom there preside,  
 High Goddess?—Meantime (to the Senate's Walls 90  
 Upborne on ivory Cars of curule Pomp)  
 Her Fathers, rude and unenlighten'd, felt  
 The bold Philippic thunder in their Ears;  
 Shuddering at each strong Period that display'd  
 Their trampled Rights, the Crimes of ruffian Crowds, 95  
 Their evanescent Glories but the Shade  
 Of old Patrician Grandeur! Thus Misrule  
 And Anarchy disclos'd the embowel'd War  
 Of struggling Elements that rent the State.

Yet TULLY's speculative Eye perceiv'd 100  
 The Semblance of a threefold Power, combin'd

H

In



In Compact such as ne'er historic Pen  
 Had trac'd amid the Nations. Nor a Glimpse  
 Of Empire to Perfection brought, escap'd  
 The Sage whose penetrating Genius ken'd 105  
 The internal Motions of the restless Mind  
 In politic Societies; and drew  
 Its Features strong and luminous. His Soul  
 Imag'd in fair Idea the mixt State,  
 Where Prince and Peers in concert with the Tribes 110  
 Elected from the common Mass, exert  
 Their close-cooperating Powers to frame  
 Man's civil Union. Such the Form he deem'd  
 Too pure for mortal Eyes; or only meet  
 For some Atlantic Isle, where PLATO's Thought 115  
 Might fondly brood o'er visionary Blifs;  
 Whose white Cliffs glitter to ideal Suns,  
 The Haunt of Genii! Yes! the Atlantic Waves  
 Kifs that Elyfian Island!—and that Isle  
 Is Albion! Lo her guarded Rocks are trod 120  
 By Spirits that have drank empyreal Air,  
 Light FREEDOM, and PHILOSOPHY, heav'n-sprung!

Hail

Hail Genii of the Skies! A vagrant Guest,  
 FREEDOM! thy solitary Steps awhile  
 Pac'd Albion's Hills, as opening thro' the Ranks 125  
 Of rude Society with gradual Glow,  
 Shone Nature's *simple* Principle, the Love  
 Of Independence; and (impell'd by Thee,  
 At Fortune's happy Crisis) rais'd the State  
 A *complex* Form.—Erelong, descending flow, 130  
 PHILOSOPHY her lov'd Companion join'd,  
 And fix'd the Work of Liberty, on strong  
 Unshaken Basis.—If we mark the Effays  
 Of daring Freedom, let us turn our Eye  
 Back to the Period; where the Norman, fir'd 135  
 With Conquest, over Albion's vanquish'd Race  
 And o'er his victor-Armies bared the Laws  
 In Thunder—sudden, where his out-stretch'd Hand  
 Rent into Fiefs unnumber'd the wide Realm,  
 And bade the Baron and the Slave, alike, 140  
 Kneel in the Dust. Yet, lo! the sever'd Parts  
 Beneath the Pressure of the Despot's Sway  
 Crush'd into Coalition, give their Powers  
 To blend in one indissoluble Mass!

Struck from the Monarch's ponderous Sceptre, flew 145  
 The co-resisting Spirit, to renounce  
 The univerfal Vassalage; while Knights  
 High-helm'd, amid the proudly-seutcheon'd Halls  
 Throng'd round their armed Barons, at whose Board  
 Nectareous Mead from the full Goblet glanc'd 150  
 Its ruddy Stream—while Minstrels harp'd the Deeds  
 Of British Heroes, and the vaulted Roofs  
 Echoed the Song of Glory! Nor the Domes  
 Of each inferior Chieftain ceas'd to sound  
 That Echo! Strait, in one confederate Band, 155  
 Ev'n Peasants, as (a Vassal-troop) they rose,  
 To bulwark the baronial Rights, entrench'd  
 With deepening Foss, their own. And see, the Chain  
 Of feudal Tyranny thro' all its Links  
 Relaxing, the low Hamlet's brighten'd Wall 160  
 Reflects the chearful Blaze, at Evening-Close,  
 Nor heeds "the far-off Curfew." Village-Peace  
 Smooths, undisturb'd, her Pinions, and sits still;  
 Resting her Eye upon the curling Smoke  
 That blends its Volume with the sapphire Heaven! 165  
 But insecure and fleeting was the Boon

Of



Of civil Harmony, that, scarce enjoy'd,  
 Fled the vain Grasp. The People's Threats, the Torch  
 Of dire Commotion, Fields o'erflow'd with Blood,  
 Perfidious Treaties, and rekindled War, 170  
 Past, in repeated Series, ere the State  
 Repos'd its Quiet on the Wills of all.

And lo! to the *first* HENRY the bold Arm  
 Of popular Resistance opes (tho' yet  
 In dim Disclosure) thro' the breaking Clouds 175  
 The Fane of British LIBERTY! Ev'n now  
 The murky Remnant of the Gloom rolls off,  
 While frowns the weak *Usurper*; and its Towers.  
 (At the firm Bidding of her chosen Chiefs)  
 Flash on the Sight! Behold, the Portals wide 180  
 Expanding, her majestic Mien appears!  
 And, as she waves (the Banner of her Fame)  
 The glorious Charter, her prophetic Eye  
 Quick glancing o'er her EDWARD's Laws, descries  
 Her infant SENATE rising into Form; 185  
 Surveys it struggling with the *Tudor* Race,  
 And many a Despot; sees a STUART strive,

Mad

Mad in tyrannic Impotence, to curb  
 Her Parliament new-strung with vigorous Nerve  
 (Like the dread Hydra's renovated Strength) 190  
 At each vindictive Stroke; and raptur'd views  
 Her Statesmen glowing with the haughty Sense  
 Of recent Victory, which had burst the Bounds  
 Of Speech, giv'n Eloquence free Scope, and brav'd  
 All mortal Check;—'till, now, her Triumphs hail 195  
 That Æra, when the People Peers and Prince  
 Thro' Acts that fix the Limits of their Power,  
 Announce her Empire!—Here, 'tis here begun  
 The Period of PHILOSOPHY, who beam'd  
 The rising Lustre on her conscript Tribes; 200  
 Gave them to feel their own appropriate Rights;  
 Develope, with Precision's clearer Ken,  
 The constitutive Principles; and solve  
 By just Analysis, what Freedom's Force  
 Aided by various Circumstance combin'd. 205

Thus, then, in Lineaments distinctly drawn  
 Prerogative and Privilege appear'd;

Objects

Objects of Vigilance; that claim'd, alike,  
The ministerial Zeal, the Patriot's Care.

Hence Opposition's Spirit, ever bold 210  
To meet the undue Preponderance of Power  
With poising Scale: And hence the high Debate,  
Still with the bounding Lines in View that mark  
The People's Freedom or the Sovereign's Right.

Thus too, the illuminated Mind survey'd 215  
Its own Preheminence that mock'd the Breath  
Of boisterous Oratory; foaring far  
Above the vulgar Crowd—who dar'd not mix  
In wild Assemblies to distract the Realm  
(And raise upon the Illusion of a Vote 220  
Their tottering Rights) but trusted to a Few  
(Their delegated Chiefs) the common Cause—  
A Few deep-read in History's moral Page,  
Inform'd by Institution, and refin'd  
By Fashion's winning Ease, by Luxury's Charms. 225

Hence elegant Harangues, in finish'd Phrase,  
Awakening chaste IMAGINATION, stole

Attention;



Attention ; and, that Effence of thy Speech,  
 Young Pupil, ORNAMENT diffus'd its Light.

If, then, thy readiest Apprehension note 230  
 The *Genius* of the STATE distinctly trac'd,  
 The Groundwork of the Senatorial Strain  
 Here opens: Whilst a Crowd of Subjects meet  
 Discussion's Strength, in Prospect bid it lie;  
 Whether the Government's *internal* Springs 235  
 Require the regulating Hand, or Cares  
*Extrinsic* lead thy Views to distant Realms.

Nor let the *Genius* of the SENATE fly  
 Thy Search, elusive: Here thy Art shall build  
 The Structure of the Oration, that delights 240  
 With polish'd Beauty the congenial Mind.

VERS'D in forensic Knowledge and the Powers  
 Of legal Oratory, patriot Love—  
 Perhaps Ambition prompts thee to pursue  
 The bright Career of Fame ; and, tho' enroll'd 245  
 With Delegates, aspire where Ermine points

Ennobled

Ennobled Worth! And well thy Merits claim  
 The proud Distinction, while thy mental Eye  
 Clearly the Constitution's Fabric sees.

But if thou join the British Senate rude 250  
 From thy paternal Mansion, vaunting there  
 Thine independent Soul, thy unbrib'd Sense  
 Of antient Virtue, and the heroic Blood  
 That in thy Veins devolves the untainted Stream—  
 Yet arm'd with no preparatory Skill 255  
 In legal Science; ah beware the Laugh  
 “ Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn!”  
 Trust not to plain Integrity alone,  
 To plain uncultur'd Talents. Many a Sun  
 Shall o'er thy unremitting Toils revolve— 260  
 Thy silent Observation, ere Applause  
 Shall hail the Beauties of thy fluent Speech.

Gifted with previous Knowledge to discuss  
 The multifarious Subjects that require  
 Deliberative Skill; o'er Britain's Isle 265  
 Extend thy Cares, redress her Wrongs, disclose

The internal Sources of her Wealth, and roll  
Thro' broader Channels its diffusive Tide.

Oft, too, with accurate Attention watch  
The Empire's hoary Fabric! See, where clings 270  
Corruption, mining deep its massy Strength  
With flow corrosive Canker; nor remit  
Thine Efforts, to destroy the deadly Bane.

Such the high Province of the Good and Great  
Thro' many a Reign; tho' oft their Fancy glow'd 275  
With idle Projects, and amusive Schemes  
Utopian; tho' their fond chimeric Fears  
Flutter'd o'er weltering Albion, as foredoom'd  
To satiate many a Harpy with her Blood.

Yet hath Venality, with frequent Clang, 280  
Sounded its ominous Pinions, snuffing wild  
The promis'd Feast. And Britons long had fall'n  
Its Prey, but for ST. AUBYN's honest Pride,  
And WYNDHAM's Worth, and CHATHAM's glorious Zeal  
For tho' full oft these patriot Spirits strove, 285  
Too feeble to exterminate the Fee,

Still



Still by reiterated Force, they check'd  
The venom'd Pest, and dash'd its rising Rage.

Yet, yet misdeem not Albion's seagirt Isle  
A solitary Kingdom; tho' her Cliffs 290  
In sullen Majesty, front Thule's Shores.

Behold her balancing the tremulous Scale  
Of European Politics. Survey  
Her Trident's Strength uplifted o'er the Deep;  
Where Fleets innumerable her wide Empire own, 295  
Couch to her passing Glories, and announce  
Her Pride of Commerce, and her Pomp of War:  
While, far as stern America (that feels  
Licentious Fires, not Freedom's holy Flame)  
Far as remoter India, pouring forth 300  
Its swarthy Sons, the British Navies stream  
The imperious Pendant on the scented Breeze;  
To bear away the Spices of the Grove,  
The Silk's luxuriant Lustre, or the Pearls  
Of Ormuz, softening with their watery Tint 305  
The Diamond's Blaze! Meantime, the Nations shake

Ev'n to the Banks of Ganges, at the Shout  
 Of Britain's martial Triumphs—Calpe's Rock  
 Exulting, echoes back the distant Sound !  
 But, O! beyond the Riches that attend 310  
 Thy proud commercial Intercourse, or all  
 The Power of cruel Arms that deluge Earth ;  
 Be thine, ingenuous Senator, to prize  
 The Empire of thy legislative Sway ;  
 Which, ev'n amid extremer Nations, wafts 315  
 Its liberal Blessings, like the Hand of Heaven !  
 Lo, where the idolatrous People that adore  
 The Day's first Radiance, wonder, while they meet  
 The angelic Shapes thy Mandate o'er the Wave  
 Speeds to their torrid Region—manly Truth ; 320  
 Unfetter'd Sentiment, whose growing Form  
 Enlarges, as her Steps approach ; the Mien  
 Of portly Liberty ; Benevolence,  
 Her open Arms unfolding, as to clasp  
 Creation ! Hark the Dæmons of the East 325  
 Hurrying to their incarcerate Abodes,  
 Howl at their fell Dominion lost, and leave  
 The enlighten'd Tribes to Happiness and Thee !

And

And yet, as if too limited thy Task  
 To humanize discover'd Climes, thy Word 330  
 Commands the adventurous Vessel dash the Foam  
 Of unknown Waters wild, explore new Tracks,  
 And burst with daring Prow the polar Ice ;  
 That British Freedom with unbounded Range,  
 Wing'd by the senatorial Voice, may fix 335  
 Her Laws, beyond the Barriers of the World !

See, then, thy glorious Delegacy, fraught  
 With high momentous Subjects. 'Tis a Task  
 That claims the intensest Energies of Mind !  
 And when thy Studies are matur'd, a Vein 340  
 Of quick Expression may, perhaps, be thine,  
 At every Call ; since Knowledge will suggest,  
 And ready Words express perspicuous Thought.  
 But think not Readiness enough : The Talk  
 Familiar that attends the mantling Bowl 345  
 May boast such Merits. 'Tis not Eloquence—  
 Whilst neither arm'd with nervous Strength, to overwhelm,  
 Nor fraught with winning Softness, to seduce  
 The Soul : Old CATO's Sternness would disdain

So



So mean a Language, ev'n tho' CATO mock'd 350  
 Each Artifice of elegant Harangues.  
 But know, thou hast not CATO to address  
 With letter'd Lore, and Language unadorn'd :  
 For to the Sage's philosophic Sense  
 Thy Audience add a Delicacy, nurs'd 355  
 In soft tho' not effeminating Ease.

Enter the concave Senate ; and behold  
 Its Sons with an IMAGINATIVE WARMTH,  
 And with a TASTE correct endued ; a quick  
 Perceptive Keenness in the JUDGING POWER, 360  
 Averse to long and wearisome Detail ;  
 And PASSION's Glow, tho' not the intemperate Heat  
 That in declamatory Diction burns.

Whether, enrob'd amidst the splendid Tribe  
 Of Britain's Peers, thou venerate the Seats 365  
 Where long hath beam'd the hereditary Pomp ;  
 (Marking the Throne of Kings, now first adorn'd  
 By royal Elocution's graceful Charm)  
 Or whether, ranking with the inferior Chiefs,  
 Thou fit obedient to the People's Voice ; 370  
 Still

Still o'er the Assembly shines that Polish giv'n  
 By Education's gentle Hand, which smoothes  
 The Roughnesses adherent oft to Minds  
 Unfashion'd, and precludes the Essays so bold  
 In rude uncultur'd Genius—the Career 375  
 Of Talents supereminent and vast.

In such an Age, the Precepts of the Schools  
 Would vainly to its loftier Summit bring  
 Thy senatorial Eloquence. Tho' there  
 Rules in exactest Symmetry, deduc'd 380  
 From Nature, may direct thy infant Art;  
 'Tis not in formal Lessons to mature  
 Its growing Strength. The Diction critic Rules  
 Prescribe, deserves thine imitative Aim:  
 Yet, tho' in just Analysis thou see 385  
 The Principles of Language, and the Means  
 To gain that finish'd Elegance of Phrase  
 Adapted to the Genius of thy Sphere;  
 Still is that Manner wanting which defies  
 All Definition, and is only caught 390  
 Thro' actual Observation. Thine Harangue

Perhaps

Perhaps displeases, by its frigid Air,  
 Precision nicely studied, by a Want  
 Of useful Repetition that might seem  
 Obtrusive Matter to the bookworm Sage. 395

Haste, then, where easy Conversation sports  
 With all Expression's Negligence, whose Stream  
 Redundant flows, tho' fashionably free;  
 That by a happy Mixture of the Strain  
 To Schools and living Circles known, thy Art 400  
 May rounded to its full Perfection rise!

First, be thy Efforts guided, liberal Youth!  
 To meliorate thy Language, by the Laws  
 Of rhythmic Numbers; and enrich its Vein  
 By figurative Elegance. A Flow 405  
 Of clear syllabic Harmony, that strikes  
 With every fine Variety of Sound  
 The curious Ear, can give ev'n Weakness Strength;  
 Set off the tritest Subject, and attach  
 A luring Manner to each dry Detail. 410

How few the Models of a Style that boasts  
 The Veil of Ease by simple Nature thrown

O'er



O'er artificial Beauty ! TULLY's self  
 Whose Declamations, exquisitely wrought,  
 Melt with a soft Diffusion on the Ear, 415  
 Or roll in deep sonorous Tones, betrays  
 Too evident a Toil ; while Pleasure's Spell  
 Amid the quick-reiterated Pause  
 Dissolves ; and Fancy mourns her vanish'd Dream.

Yet study those, whose Writings have approach'd 420  
 The Beautiful in Harmony. 'Tis thine  
 With just Discernment to select or shun  
 Each imitable Point, each vicious Turn.

And, if thy Art, that snatches, thus, a Charm  
 From Music, in her radiant Sister hail 425  
 The Grace of glowing Figures, 'tis in thee  
 To spread Imagination's lovely Tint  
 O'er all thy Style. Transcribe the Figures meet  
 For ORNAMENT ; explore, with studious Care,  
 Their every Source, and mark, when best applied. 430

Of, in thy solitary Hours, essay  
 To warm thy Fancy with ideal Scenes  
 That interest or delight : Then give thy Speech

Expansive Wing ; and, deep retir'd, declaim  
 Amidst thy patrimonial Oaks, whose Shade 435  
 Embowers thy Path. Thy fervent Transport fled,  
 Retrace each Image that in rapid Flight  
 Past o'er thy Mind. Thus Judgment shall perceive,  
 That all thy Diction's figurative Glow  
 Arose from purest Nature, unalloy'd. 440

But should thy Language too luxuriant seem—  
 Too studied or elab'rate, trust the Muse,  
 'Tis not in cloyster'd Science to correct  
 The Blemish. 'Tis in manner'd Courts alone  
 Where Observation hangs upon the Lips 445  
 Of oral Elegance, to lend that Aid  
 No philologic Theorist can supply.

'Tis in the Circles, where exults the Power  
 Of Pleasing, (CHESTERFIELD's much-boasted Art)  
 Where Spirit joins with Gracefulness—'tis there, 450  
 Where female Wit, in sparkling Beauty gay,  
 Heightens the Lustre of exterior Charms;  
 Thy Converse shall the Metaphor chastize  
 Too glaring, and relax its stiff Attire.

So shalt thou gain Simplicity, that gives 455  
 The Richness of the figurative Term In many a mighty Measure  
 And all the measur'd Melody of Sounds, The beautiful Rattle  
 A genuine Ease to Colleges unknown; Two great Exemplars  
 While every Decoration shall appear With just Addition  
 Thine own spontaneous Manner, scorning Art. 460

And so thy Style, too close or too concise Thou clearly point  
 For Elocution's Elegance (tho' meet If thou revert thy memory  
 For an historic Writer) shall acquire Where, in the British Senate  
 The just Diffusion which expands a Thought Thy vigorous Eye  
 In diverse Lights; impresses it on all 465  
 By frequent Repetition; by the Length Think, as a light matter  
 Of flowing Periods lends an ampler Scope This either part  
 For Ornament, of every varied Kind; The rapid blast of Eloquence  
 And, thus expatiating at large, agrees Processes no Model  
 With senatorial Subjects that demand 470  
 The copious Stream, the Plenitude of Words. In lines distinct

Fear not an unconnected Style, too lax Of the devoted  
 In negligent Expression; since thy Mind, Glorious this  
 With previous Reading stor'd, hath Power to prune To each  
 The excrescent Phrase familiar Converse loves. 475



Of this accordant Mixture duly mark  
 In many a mighty Master of thine Art  
 The beautiful Result; tho', first, observe  
 Two great Exemplars, (whom thy Country views  
 With justest Admiration) not unstain'd  
 By Blemishes which our instructive Song  
 Hath clearly pointed. Thro' the Shade of Years  
 If thou revert thy transitory Gaze;  
 Where, in the British Senate, wilt thou fix  
 Thy vagrant Eye? Few are the Chiefs, that claim  
 Our Homage. Tho', at CHARLES's fateful Day,  
 Flash'd, as a Light meteorous (that quick  
 Thro' Æther passes beyond mortal Ken)  
 The rapid Blaze of Eloquence; the Muse  
 Perceives no Model, who, approaching near  
 To finish'd Oratory, can be trac'd  
 In Lines distinctive. Not that she disdains  
 A SELDEN's Vigor, or a HAMPDEN's Rage,  
 Or the devoted STRAFFORD's last Essay  
 Glorious thro' great Emergence! But we haste  
 To catch the Features of a BRUNSWICK's Reign

Where

Where, from a Galaxy of Speakers bright  
 With indiscriminated Beams, broke forth  
 A CHATHAM's Splendor ! Fast the mingled Rays  
 Of the surrounding Orators grew pale— 500  
 Fainting into the Skies ! Ev'n WYNDHAM's Star  
 Was dim ; and PULTENEY had no Lustre, there.  
 And, lo ! the flaming Son of Genius, bold  
 In native Independence and impell'd  
 By strong Ambition, seizes at a Grasp 505  
 The comprehensive Subject, that appears  
 Infinitude to vulgar Views ! His Mind  
 Original and vast, his nervous Strain  
 Unlabour'd and irregular, his Voice  
 Commanding, his Eye cloath'd with Lightnings, stern 510  
 His Aspect and terrific, as the Frown  
 Of Heav'n—Sublimity his every Nod  
 Attended, proud of her ministrant Powers !  
 'Twas thus THEMISTOCLES the Athenian Tribes  
 Struck with Amazement, as his eagle Mind 515  
 Intuitive disdain'd the softer Arts  
 Of Rhetoric, trusting to its Strength alone !  
 But CHATHAM, tho' not versatile as great,  
 Could

Could ev'n effuse the insinuating Tones  
 Of Sweetness, with so exquisite a Grace, 520  
 That his enchanted Auditory hung  
 Upon his Breath repofing, as the Wave  
 In placid Stillness rests upon the Shore!

Yet was he not accomplish'd. Nature gave  
 With Prodigality a mental Boon, 525  
 Which every Eye astonish'd. Yet was Art—  
 Yet classic Art was wanting there, to smoooth  
 The Asperities of Language; to restrain  
 A Copiousness o'erflowing the just Bounds  
 Of Order, and give Method to the Whole— 530  
 One dazzling Emanation! Rude, verbose,  
 With Incorrectnesses of Style, and Words  
 Inaccurately plac'd, no Skill he own'd,  
 To treat the dry unanimated Theme;  
 Nor in the cooler Moment, gain the Assent 535  
 Of critic Judgment to his harsh Essays.

But, in his Orb our Verse unwilling points  
 These little Spots, that almost disappear  
 Amidst the fadeless Glory. Turn we, next,

To



To living Politicians; where stands forth 540  
 Conspicuous in the variegated Groupe,  
 Of Rhetoric no mean Master—more observ'd,  
 As with a CHATHAM's Traits contrasted rise  
 His strongly-shaded Lineaments. Profuse  
 Of florid Declamation, he hath Taste 545  
 That, with a Relish inexpressive, feels  
 The finer Beauties of the Grecian Page—  
 Say, who, like BURKE, can feel them? All the Train  
 Of classic Imag'ry his Mind evolves,  
 And quick into a new Creation moulds, 550  
 The Race of fairy Fancy!—But too fond  
 Of erudite Allusions—too propense  
 To draw from antient Poesy the Tropes  
 The Figures of his Speech, to Truth he gives  
 A fabling Air and buries common Sense 555  
 Beneath an Heap of Metaphor. His Thoughts  
 Are methodiz'd by ARISTOTLE's Rules;  
 And (if no Rival's irritating Sneer  
 Derange his Plan) in regular Array  
 The Series of the Harangue proceeds—yet stiff 560  
 Thro' Regularity; and not enough

Savouring

Savouring of the Colloquial—an Harangue  
 That might beseem the Academy or School;  
 Like some inaugural Oration, rich  
 In classic Vein, beneath a Pedant's Eye. 565

Then be not CHATHAM's Oratory, thine—  
 Nor BURKE's; but, blending their Perfections, frame  
 Such Numbers, as a CHATHAM's polish'd Son  
 Might not disdain to own! Tho' in the Bloom  
 Of Years yet wiser than maturest Age, 570  
 Clear amid all the Energy of Speech,  
 Ample yet not prolix, and (as he gains  
 The yielding Judgment o'er and captive leads  
 The Passions) rich in various Figures—brought  
 With nice Selection from the Stores of Taste 575  
 To charm Imagination—lo! he towers  
 In Genius (and exalted Rank) the Pride  
 Of Albion!—Nor his ever-active Foe  
 In vigorous Talents and a Speaker's Worth  
 Shines far inferior; as the deep Debate 580  
 With fine-invented Argument he guides,  
 But less embellish'd Diction. To his Search

While

While universal Politics, the Maze  
 Of European Manners, and the Intrigues  
 Of foreign Courts are uninvolv'd, his Skill 585  
 To illuminate his Auditory, meets  
 No rival Mind;—unless a SHERIDAN  
 With all his winning Elocution rise—  
 His keenly pointed Satire, and his Sport  
 Of quick Allusion! But the nobler Flights 590  
 Are SHERIDAN's—the bold majestic Wing.  
 Witness that unexampled Strain sublime,  
 Which, with an Influence undiminish'd, sway'd  
 (Long as the Moon from her meridian Heaven  
 Bends downward to the Wave) the Senate's Sons 595  
 Unanimous—now melting into Tears—  
 Now glancing Indignation; while, disclos'd  
 To View, the *FELONIES* of India rose  
 From their blank Gloom!—Wonder the Senate seiz'd—  
 Deep as the Vulgar own, or as he felt, 600  
 When sudden all Palmyra's Columns burst  
 Upon his Sight; or, when the frescoed Walls  
 Of Herculaneum started into Day  
 Afresh, though buried for a thousand Years!

L

Fir'd



Fir'd by those great Ideas, can the Muse . 605  
 Observe the Senate's cooler Aspect, pleas'd  
 By COURTNEY's sparkling Wit; or NORTH's Replies—  
 No more to re-enliven the dull Hour?  
 Or, can she note a STORMONT's solid Sense;  
 A RICHMOND's high inventive Talents, led 610  
 By patriot Zeal, more beauteous than the Blaze  
 Of all his ducal Glories? Or the strong—  
 The rooted Principles a THURLOW boasts,  
 Unbias'd Guardian of our sacred Rights,  
 Immutable—the Briton, truly free? 615

But let the Muse to her didactic Path  
 Reverting, the too rapturous Heat allay.

If, then, ingenuous Pupil, thou hast read  
 These Rules and Models, search into the Bent  
 Of thine own native Talents. Here, perchance, 620  
 Lies a peculiar Bias, to create  
 An independent Manner of thine own;  
 Or else in friendly Unison agree  
 With some congenial Mind, whose Features fair

Take

Take for thy just Exemplar. Thus, distinct 625  
 With every Trait original that shews  
 True Genius on a perfect Model form'd;  
 Thy elegant Oration shall address  
 The IMAGINATIVE FACULTY; and touch  
 With great Effect, the quick percipient TASTE. 630

And as that TASTE to nice Precision wrought  
 Contemns the Tricks of Rhetoric, O beware,  
 Left in the Fervor of thy kindled Soul  
 Thou catch the imperfect Word, the flippant Strain,  
 Alas, too current with the conscript Tribe; 635  
 Tho' sprung amidst the hesitating Hems  
 Of unfledg'd Senators, who (all unlike  
 The cautious PERICLES) intreat not Heaven  
 To guard them from the unworthy Speech, but seize  
 The Proverbs of the Multitude or coin 640  
 The uncouth equivocal Expression. Hence  
 (Behold what apish Mimicry effects)  
 The novel Syllables with easy Lapse  
 Slide off into the Language, and corrupt  
 By vitious Sounds its Purity. Despise 645

Each low Attempt at Wit; nor intermix,  
 In strange Association, Scripture-Shreds  
 With thy mock Oratory! And, still worse,  
 (What Time, perhaps, the Senator may wear  
 The saffron Robe of Bacchus) meaner still 650  
 The factious Hiss, and many a factious Sound  
 Promiscuous, which the Muse disdains to name.

Nor ever be it thine, correctly-dull,  
 To weary JUDGMENT by the meagre Speech  
 Creeping in all the Penury of Words; 655  
 Whose humble Merit scarce o'ershoots the Mark  
 Of base Vulgarly. And shun Details,  
 And each prolix Discussion; that, remote  
 From the main Objects of thy proper Sphere,  
 Have neither Power to interest or instruct. 660  
 Thus, heedless of Antipathy too plain—  
 Of yawning Somnolence diffus'd around,  
 The Speaker by political Harangues  
 Fatigues his Audience; while perhaps (to shew  
 His travel'd Knowledge) he developes wide 665  
 Russia's internal Policy, her Wealth

And



And rising Grandeur, sacrificing Sense  
 To idle Systems never doom'd to prove  
 The Touchstone of Experience. No—address  
 The Judgment's keen Perception, that delights 670  
 In the full Force of nervous Argument,  
 Tho' solid yet not tedious; tho' arrang'd  
 In due perspicuous Order yet averse  
 To formal Structure, like the abstruser Rules  
 Of Logic link'd by strict-connecting Chain. 675

Meantime, another Attribute of Mind  
 Residing in the Senate, claims thy Care;  
 'Tis PASSION! But 'tis Passion so subdued—  
 So soften'd by the Manners, that it seems  
 All Coldness to the Fire of Athens' Chiefs— 680  
 To her alert Vivacity, which glow'd  
 Amidst her Areopagus—the Soul  
 Of Sensibilities awaken'd wild  
 To Action, rapid Action unconstrain'd!  
 Yes! 'tis a Passion o'er which Taste hath breath'd 685  
 Her cool soft Tints; such as a STRAFFORD's Air

Of

Of plaintive Eloquence might haply move,  
 If aided by his injur'd Worth alone;  
 Nor borrowing ought of adventitious Help  
 From what thy fashionable Audience deems  
 But artificial Trick. The feeling Scene,  
 Where stood his little Offspring rang'd around—  
 Lifting their pleading Eyes—had yet impell'd  
 Our senatorial Fathers to forgive,  
 (Ere Fashion chas'd pure Instinct from the Heart)  
 Had not a persecuting Spirit steel'd  
 Their Breasts to momentary Pardon prone.  
 Who could despise his unaffected Strain  
 So arm'd by Truth and Goodness? Who, the Pause,  
 The Tear, the Look of Pity sweetly-thrown  
 On his dear artless Innocents; the Sigh  
 Light-rising, of a Soul resign'd to Heaven?

Yet, mark the Calmness of thy wiser Peers  
 Whose Feelings only vibrate at the Touch  
 Of brighten'd Pathos; while the lovelier Traits  
 Of Virtue, drawn by Delicacy, sink  
 Into the Heart. Then hope not to affect—

Then

Then fondly trust not thy pathetic Powers :  
 Unless, sweet Nature's Artist, thou hast Skill  
 To pencil her fine Attitudes, her Air 710  
 Attractive, her free Drapery's fluid Folds,  
 And, thro' Imagination's Medium, paint  
 To Passion. Pathos cools, where Fashion reigns.

Far other Notions of pathetic Speech  
 The Speakers of the Roman Senate form'd; 715  
 Who ne'er essay'd to steal into the Heart,  
 By painting to the Feelings. 'Twas not theirs  
 To touch by Imagery, but to move  
 By sympathetic Strokes—to ope the Effect  
 Of each Impression on their own warm Mind; 720  
 Not shew the mental Portraiture itself,  
 By gradual Art, thro' Fancy's calmer Light.  
 Pure Passion dwells not on Description's Hues ;  
 But ever lives, (and trembles, as it lives)  
 In indistinctest Energies—a Look, 725  
 A Tone, a Gesture ! Hence, the Speaker's Soul  
 Enkindled, spreads its own contagious Warmth :  
 'Tis thus the Uncultur'd know the Affections' Force,

Biafs'd



Bias'd by Nature to admire ! to shake  
 With Agony, with Rapture ! circumscrib'd 730  
 By narrow Bounds ; nor shap'd to scrutinize  
 The Ideas, whose obscure Effect they feel.

THO' Senates scarce admit the wordy Storm,  
 Yet flight it not : Occasions will arise  
 To favour such a forcible Display. 735  
 Oft as septennial Revolutions call  
 The Electors, gathering in a motley Throng  
 To re-elect or spurn their Chiefs ; 'tis then  
 The Torrent of thy Eloquence may gain  
 Thy Point with Sway resistless, and o'erwhelm 740  
 The Power of Opposition, quench the Rage  
 Of Party, or repress its smother'd Flame.

Image the assembled Tribes—in Order rang'd  
 The more distinguish'd Commons—the set Speech  
 Formal and faltering, that concisely tells 745  
 The Subject of Discussion—the still Pause—  
 The Whisperings indistinct, that circle round ;

While

While haply an addressing Friend presents  
 The Candidate, who, wavering first, perplex'd  
 For Utterance, now relaxes and runs o'er 750  
 (Scarce with the breathing Pauses) his Harangue;  
 Soliciting—soliciting—unheard—  
 The People's Choice. And led by narrow Zeal,  
 Or poor Self-interest, or a patriot Flame,  
 The Partizans approach—one, character'd 755  
 By rusticated Manners roughening o'er  
 The Polish of half-educated Youth;  
*Another*, gifted with the exterior Mien  
 More winning; tho' expressing each, in Terms  
 Inert and stiff, his mean embarrass'd Thought. 760  
 A *third*, of antient Family, comes forth  
 As his own Grandfire's Portrait, from its Frame  
 Escap'd, in rigid Majesty supreme.

But who yon' Figure, with obtrusive Air  
 Shot forward?—Hark, how voluble, he vaunts 765  
 The sudden Splendor beam'd upon his Brows  
 By Fraudulence, and Rapine and Chicane,  
 An Indian Upstart—as the flippant Phrase  
 Glides from his hollow Tongue, tho' oft debas'd

M

By

By low commercial Verbage. Many a Sneer 770  
 He points at plain hereditary Sense,  
 Mocks unassuming Virtue's honest Pride,  
 And bids it seek a Refuge in the Cells  
 Of dark Retirement from Oppression's Fangs—  
 Closing the moated Castle's airy Hall, 775  
 Whose lofty-window'd Pomp shall boast no more  
 The rich Reflexion of the storied Pane,  
 But frown its Horrors on the Spectre-Tribe  
 Of Ancestry dishonour'd! Such the Force  
 Of Eastern Opulence, of Eastern State 780  
 Too menacing!—And see the dazzled Throng  
 O'er-rul'd by Peculation's Offspring, hail  
 His insolent Pretensions with Applause,  
 Tho' but a fleeting Murmur. For behold!  
 With mild Address and Dignity appears 785  
 A long-known Patriot, of ingenuous Birth,  
 Ingenuous Virtue!—O'er his placid Mien  
 Soft spreads a prepossessing Lustre—Hush'd  
 Upon his mellow Voice the Assembly floats,  
 And each inferior Speaker shrinks abash'd: 790  
 While, with the Modesty that e'er adorns

Pure



Pure unpretending Merit, he unfolds  
 The Topic of Discussion in a Vein  
 Of Elocution's flowing Ease; adverts  
 To popular Opinions, sketching clear 795  
 The Feature of the Times; with keen Address  
 Observes the general Temper of the Crowd;  
 Seizes in quick Transition (yet with Art  
 Too latent to be visible) the Sparks  
 Of momentary Spirit; at a Stroke 800  
 Lays bare the Party-Zealot's dark Design;  
 And, lashing the mean Agents of Intrigue,  
 On ev'ry Point expatiates unrestrain'd—  
 Till now the Oration rises into all  
 Its Energy; and his electric Eye 805  
 And every animated Gesture act  
 His ardent Speech, his Vehemence of Thought!

He ceases. An extatic Pause succeeds,  
 That bars all Utterance—when a mingled Shout  
 Applausive echoes to the concave Heaven! 810

In vain the poor contentious Party tries  
 The Feebleness of hesitating Tones,

And

And broken Periods: Indian Pomp in vain  
Flutters the ruffled Honors of its Plumes!

All yield—the Multitude borne swift away— 815  
Asia's high Chiefs, and "Yahoo-Squires," alike,  
Sink in the impetuous Whirl, ingulph'd and lost!

And grand the Emprize of Eloquence, empower'd,  
Where erst Dishonor triumph'd, to oppose  
Skill to deep Skill; give Probity the Charms 820  
That varnish over Vice; and her own Arts  
Against herself direct with dext'rous Aim—  
Those colourable Arts her motley Spawn  
Vaunt to the World's broad Glare. With idle Arm  
Truth holds the unpolish'd Targe against Design 825  
And fell Oppression. No romantic Muse  
Would warn thee, that, beneath the Senate's Roof,  
The blustering CLEON claims thy Vigilance  
Suspicious; the smooth Orator, adept  
In Tricks theatrical; and he, who points, 830  
Colossal Plunderer, with a Tyrant's Air,  
His gorgeous Spoils. Since, then, the Task were vain  
Amid a cumbrous Empire's wide Display,

Its

Its Fashions, Luxuries, its commercial Pride,  
 Its Opulence and Grandeur, to restore  
 Thy Country to primæval Plainness—deem'd 835  
 Of old the close Companion of pure Worth;  
 Since idle every Effort to recall  
 Simplicity of Manners, be thy Care  
 To bid Magnificence and Ornament  
 Subserve Integrity; o'er subject Earth 840  
 To spread the Greatness of the British Laws;  
 With an extensive Empire co-extend  
 The Virtues, whose kind Influence softens Life;  
 And nurture, with a Patron's liberal Warmth,  
 FANCY and TASTE: Hence sprung thy splendid Art; 845  
 And, lo, to these address, thy Eloquence  
 Shall from Corruption gain her Host of Slaves!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



At the same time, it is a source of  
pleasure to find that the  
County of Lincoln is a fertile  
land, and that the people are  
happy and contented. The  
simplicity of manners, the  
to the magnificence and ornament  
of the interior, the richness of  
the spread the grounds of the British  
With an extensive fertile country  
The Virtues, whose kind influence  
And nurture, with a Father's liberal  
Taste and Taste: Heron and the  
And, to the address, the  
Shall from Corruption gain her  
Hof of Shakes.



END OF THE THIRD BOOK.